Ever Been Surprised?

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Summary

“You know, Omega rights have come a long way since the times when Alphas spoke for them.”

“Rights suggest choices,” Will countered, snapping the lock on his satchel and swinging it over his shoulder. “And my choice is to have my Alpha dictate where my time is spent, professionally.”

“And privately?”

Season 1 - if Will and Hannibal were a bonded ABO pair from the beginning.

Notes

A gift for a wonderful person who gave us the idea! We had the best time writing this, it was far too much fun (pssssh no such thing)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Can I borrow your imagination?”

Will had heard that one before. He’d heard all of them. And everyone always thought they were the first, the most original, the most clever.

He sighed, drawing his glasses down his nose again from where Jack had pushed them up.

“You’ll have to ask my Alpha.”

“Ah, the fearsome Doctor Lecter,” Jack leaned back, arms crossing over his middle. “I might call on him to consult as well, on this one.”

“Two birds with one stone, then, Jack,” Will replied with a fleeting false smile. “He can speak for the both of us.”

“You know, Omega rights have come a long way since the times when Alphas spoke for them.”

“Rights suggest choices,” Will countered, snapping the lock on his satchel and swinging it over his shoulder. “And my choice is to have my Alpha dictate where my time is spent, professionally.”

“And privately?”

Will’s smile was genuine this time, and he said nothing at all.

Brushing past the head of the BAU was hardly as intimidating as it had once been for Will, before he’d bonded with his mate. Now, he relished in wearing his collar and letting Hannibal make the decisions. Regardless of how it might look to outside eyes, their power was balanced in the relationship; Will had as much control of his Alpha as his Alpha had of him.

And it just felt good once in a while to tell Jack Crawford to shove it, publicly, and not be chastened for it.

Will unlocked his phone as he made his way outside and pushed his glasses up his nose with his knuckle. He typed out a quick message to his husband, preparing him for Jack’s inevitable phone call and wheedling, and told him he’d take the bus home.

Hannibal was waiting in the doorway when Will arrived, as Will had known he would be. He took Will’s coat, nuzzling his throat, his jaw, spreading his scent. He hated when Will took the bus.

“Did Crawford call?” Will asked.

“He did,” Hannibal confirmed. “Within ten minutes of your text. He was very insistent that you work this case. I told him my Omega’s health and well-being came first, and that I would get back to him.” He paused, his nose against Will’s cheekbone, and took in a deep breath. “Did he touch you?”

Will flushed under Hannibal's scrutiny. "He pushed my glasses up for me. Who *does* that?"

"Laying hands on a mated and collared Omega," Hannibal said, his voice low and dangerous.

"More like fingertips."

"Still. How very rude."

Will tilted his head back, baring his throat in a placating gesture. Hannibal took advantage, darkening the scarred skin of Will's bonding bite.

Will shivered in pleasure, eyes closing and a purr rumbling in his throat. When Hannibal pulled back, Will leaned in to lick a long, placating line up over his jaw.

"Perhaps I should start wearing my collar to work again."

"Perhaps you should." Hannibal nosed at Will's curls a moment more before pulling back and smiling at his mate. "Dinner?"

"Please."

"Go get dressed for it."

Will smiled and inclined his head before heading upstairs.

Hannibal was a doting Alpha, and the perfect mate, but he was incredibly particular. In truth, Will did love that about him. He enjoyed a firm hand that he could decide to bow to or fight against. Dressing for dinner, however, was a ritual he thoroughly enjoyed.

Upstairs, Will undressed and climbed into the shower, washing away the smells of the day, the unwelcome smell of Jack on his skin. Once out, he padded bare to the dresser and chose his home collar from the selection in the drawer, putting it on and locking it with a hum of pleasure.

A pair of briefs next, comfortably tight, and then Will made his way downstairs to wrap his arms around Hannibal where he stood at the counter, cutting up a salad for their meal. Hannibal leaned back against his mate with a low sound of pleasure before turning in the embrace to catch Will's chin and lift it, admiring the collar he wore.

Hannibal had a simple, elegant taste, at least when it came to Will. Briefly, when they'd first discussed their mutual taste for traditionalism, Will had worried. Hannibal's suits were ostentatious and Will often side-eyed them.

His collar, on the other hand, was simple, black, with a silver tag that hung cool and heavy between Will's collarbones.

He had a flashier collar, as well, but he generally only had to worry about that for the opera.

“You should always be so decorated,” Hannibal murmured. Will rolled his eyes. They’d had the discussion a dozen times; Will had enough difficulties commanding a class as an Omega. Law enforcement had no dynamic restrictions, but he often found himself at the head of a room full of bull-headed Alphas.

“I know who I belong to,” Will assured him. He leaned up to nuzzle Hannibal’s cheek, stealing a kiss. “So. The Minnesota Shrike case.”

He *sensed* Hannibal’s unease before he saw it. Whatever he may have told Crawford, he had already made up his mind, and was expecting Will to be unhappy about it.

“You were unhappy the last time you worked homicide.”

“I was a cop in Louisiana when you met me,” Will reminded him, “drowning in cases, overworked and underpaid. This isn’t NOPD. It’s FBI.”

“And it’s Jack Crawford,” Hannibal countered. Will pursed his lips and shrugged.

“You’ll be there to keep him in line,” Will replied, stepping away to take up the cutlery and plates to set the table for them. “When my snarling does little more than amuse him.”

Hannibal showed his teeth briefly at the thought. He knew very well that Will didn’t need him to defend his honor, but he found himself absolutely livid that others would underestimate his mate. His clever, cunning, beautiful boy who had figured Hannibal out the first time they’d met, who had told him, fearless and grinning, that he wouldn’t tell if Hannibal didn’t, and had kissed Hannibal first.

No one was worthy of being *near* him, let alone underestimating him when they worked together.

Hannibal was broken from his reverie when Will returned and licked his jaw, placating him and nuzzling his cheek.

“We will both be consultants,” Will reminded him. “There is only so much Jack can do about my *attitude,* should he have a problem with it.”

“I want you collared,” Hannibal told him. Will smiled, reaching around Hannibal to take up the bowl of salad he’d prepared.

“I will be,” he agreed. “Proudly.”

Hannibal could barely stand to be apart from Will when he was like this, confident in himself, and giving himself over completely to Hannibal.

But dinner needed to be finished. Hannibal would never allow himself to be remiss in caring for his mate.

Generally, Will took the seat at Hannibal’s right hand, but today, Hannibal placed a pillow at his feet instead. Will raised an eyebrow when he saw it.

“Have I been naughty?” He asked. Hannibal took his hand and kissed the backs of his knuckles.

“On the contrary,” he said. “I want to spoil you a bit.

Will settled on his knees, tucked partially underneath the table. He rested his cheek on Hannibal’s knee, peering up at him and opening his mouth for slivers of pork.

“I was thinking about refilling our pantry,” Hannibal said.

Will licked at Hannibal’s fingertips. “Go for the vet,” he murmured. “He doesn’t have a clue what he’s doing.”

Hannibal hummed, amused, and fed Will a piece of toasted bread with herb butter. “And he overcharges.”

“All the more reason, then,” Will agreed. He kept his eyes on his Alpha, adoring and warm, and ate what he was fed. When Hannibal told him to spread his knees, Will did, and sat up straighter. He’d always been a beautiful thing when he chose to submit. More often than not, he did. But he always did it on his terms. Hannibal earned every moment of his Omega’s passivity and beauty.

“Will there be dessert?” Will asked, leaning in to allow Hannibal to hold his glass for him as he drank some wine. When Hannibal slid his hand through Will’s hair, he already knew the answer.

“Perhaps, but you’ll need to wait just a few moments more for it.”

“I can be patient,” Will smiled.

“You will be.” Hannibal set his cutlery to his plate and slid it aside before pulling back his chair. “Come up here for me, Will.”

Will did. A sinuous movement brought him to his feet, and he stepped between Hannibal’s facing him. When Hannibal reached out to hook his fingers beneath the waistband of Will’s briefs, Will arched forward to let himself be bared, smiling as Hannibal immediately leaned in to nuzzle his stomach.

“Up on the table,” Hannibal whispered against him. “I’ll make a feast of you.”

“Hedonist,” Will replied, stroking Hannibal’s hair before hoisting himself up onto the table, letting his briefs slip from his legs to the floor. He spread himself without being told. He’d been the center of Hannibal’s attentions before this way, many times.

“Lay back,” Hannibal guided him, and Will did, stretching his arms up with a pleased groan as Hannibal stroked the insides of his thighs and teased his thumbs just above Will’s balls.

Will could feel himself growing slick, his cock half-hard just from Hannibal’s rapt attention. Hannibal traced the tips of his fingertips over Will’s cock, coaxing it further into hardness.

Hannibal could devour Will for hours- and often had. In the years they'd been mated, Will had been brought to tears on numerous occasions, just from Hannibal's dedicated lips and tongue. He'd been tied down, or merely ordered to hold himself still, and disciplined if he moved. Hannibal liked nothing more than to gorge himself on his mate, and Will *lived* for it.

Hannibal started at the tip of his cock, where Will was most sensitive, but not where Will *wanted* him most. A little kitten lick just beneath the head, a soft suck. Will whimpered, closing his eyes.

Hannibal left a trail of kisses, nuzzling his way down. He sucked Will's balls into his mouth, one at a time, and made him squeak. When Will bit down on his lower lip, Hannibal pulled back and delivered a sharp smack to his inner thigh. "You know better."

Will opened his eyes to stare at the ceiling. Years together, and it never ceased to overwhelm him. "I'm sorry, Daddy," he purred.

Hannibal drew his tongue in a languid lick up the length of Will's tiny cock in praise.

He liked to hear him, his clever, wily little thing, always. Unless there was a reason for them to keep quiet, Will's voice should be raised loudly in his pleasure and his pain. There had been a few memorable nights when someone had called and complained about the noise, when a well-meaning neighbour had requested nervously the next morning that perhaps they should close the windows if they're having a 'fun night in' together.

Hannibal made sure to pull Will's voice even louder the night after.

Now, he sucked kisses against Will's pale skin, drew whimpers and whines of need from him. Music to his ears.

When Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal's shoulders his Alpha hummed his praise.

"Please, Daddy, I want your mouth," he groaned, arching his back and gasping pleasure towards the ceiling. His hands stretched up over his head where he wouldn't be tempted to drop them into Hannibal's hair. "Need your mouth on me, *please, Alpha."*

"Wait,"

Will shivered, squirmed, and obeyed.

Hannibal massaged at Will's thighs, working a steady stream of precum from the tip of his cock with teasing presses of his lips. Will was dripping onto the table, he could feel himself slipping in it as Hannibal hauled him closer by the hips.

Will closed his eyes, gasping, whining, letting every sound escape him as Hannibal brought him to a trembling peak, left him hanging, waiting to fall.

And then Hannibal finally, *finally* licked a stripe over Will's entrance, and Will nearly fell to pieces.

"Yesss…." Will hissed. "Please, Alpha, god, do it…"

Hannibal's tongue probed deep, spread him wide. Will arched his back, writhing atop the dinner table.

Hannibal treated Will's slick like a fine wine to be savoured, slowing his pace until his mouth was a constant tease, too much to give up, never enough for Will to come. Will moaned, shaking his head.

"Alpha, I need you."

"I know, sweet boy," Hannibal purred, and that was all the permission Will needed to come. He trembled, body convulsing and twitching in pleasure, hands finally dropping down to stroke through Hannibal's hair gently. As Hannibal sat up, Will cupped his cheeks and grinned when Hannibal planted wet kisses against his wrists.

Hannibal wouldn't fuck him over the table, that would certainly not do, but he would fuck him upstairs, and then bring Will dessert in bed.

Actual dessert.

The first scene Will saw was almost quietly beautiful. A girl was tucked into bed, pale and silent as a sleeping beauty in a storybook if not for the pervasive smell of death in the entire place, and the grief from her parents on the floor below. Simple. Elegant. Will had to admire the presentation if nothing else.

The killer was Alpha, that much was clear, but not a domineering one. In fact, the kill felt almost defensive rather than an attack. Like he was trying to protect the girl by killing her.

Odd, but not entirely unheard of.

"You're Will Graham."

Will turned to look over his shoulder. Beverly Katz was giving him a very deliberate look, and Will found himself smiling back.

"Am I infamous?"

"Nah, just your mate," she replied, stepping closer. "I've read your papers. You're hot shit, but not FBI."

"No," Will agreed. "Not FBI."

"Didn't want it?" Beverly asked. She tilted her head, catching a glimpse of Will's collar. "Or weren't *allowed* ?" She asked with a hint of a teasing smirk. Will's dynamic was rarer nowadays, but still well understood.

Will flushed. He'd pulled the collar of his shirt up as much as he could to hide it, but Hannibal had purposefully chosen a shirt that would make it difficult. It was not his typical, subtle, day-to-day collar. Hannibal hadn't wanted Will out in the field again, and he'd taken

his penance. It was impossible to miss the engraving, and Beverly stood close enough to read the tiny font.

I'm a bad boy. Send me home.

"My mate and I discuss my career path together," he deflected. "Our decisions are mutually agreed on."

He could see the urge to poke and to prod lingering. Definitely an older sibling, Will knew the type. "Miss Katz," he said, clearing his throat. "I heard Jack ask for you by name. I know your work. Did you find anything?"

He listened as Beverly fought with herself, trying not to add innuendo into every sentence she spoke, but he did get the information he needed from her. Antler velvet in the wound. The curiosity of that since it isn't rutting season and bucks don't normally pin human girls anyway. By the time Jack stepped into the scene, Will had a fairly good idea of what the killer was thinking.

"He was trying to heal her," he said. Jack snorted.

"Heal her?"

"Undo what he'd done. Antler velvet promotes healing in wounds. He tucked her back into bed. He was trying to make amends." Will shrugged, pushing his glasses up his nose absently. "He cares about the girl he can't kill."

"He killed this one," Jack assured him, tone patronizing and low, enough to grind Will's teeth.

"She's a surrogate," he muttered back. "So were the others."

"How can you know that?"

"You brought me here to see," Will reminded him. "That's what I see. Hannibal can give you a psychological profile, that's not my wheelhouse."

He left before Jack tried to ask anything else of him.

Being on a crime scene, again, of a compassionate killer, a clever and possibly caring man, made Will want to feel himself enfolded in Hannibal's arms.

It could have been that his heat was coming soon, it always brought up paternal feelings in Will he usually batted away with a stick. Neither of them were particularly inclined towards parenting pups, or, so they'd successfully convinced themselves and each other for the years they had been mated.

They found metal on Elise Nichols. Jack wanted them on scene in Minnesota, and even Hannibal was unable to talk him down.

“Paperwork,” Will muttered as they packed. “He wants us on scene to look at people’s *files* . Haven’t they heard of databases?”

The FBI offered to put them up in a cheap motel room, but Hannibal had upgraded them. Their hotel was further from the construction sites they’d be investigating, but it had silk sheets, plush, king-sized beds, room service.

It still smelled wrong, even though Hannibal had brought an entire additional suitcase in the trunk, stuffed with Will’s preferred nesting materials. Will had spent an hour the first night just brushing himself over everything in the room, but this close to his heat, there was nothing to be done about the scent.

“I intend to have you home before your heat begins,” Hannibal promised. “Even if it means the Ripper must start his next sounder a little early.”

Not every Hannibal kill was a Ripper kill. Those were carefully planned, sometimes months in advance. Will felt a twinge of guilt.

“I’ll find him,” he promised. “I’ll figure this out so we can go home.”

Hannibal cupped his face and kissed him. “I know you will.”

Will hadn’t used scent blockers since he and Hannibal mated; Hannibal abhorred the idea that his Omega didn’t smell as he should, *especially* around his heat. So for a few days, whenever Will went in to report their findings or inform Jack of a new potential lead, he had the entire team on alert, staring at him with glazed gazes.

“Go home, bad boy,” Bev teased one day, leaning against the door of the lab while Zeller and Price rattled about inside pretending they were actually working and not gorging themselves on the sweet scent of an Omega in pre-heat. “You’re distracting.”

Will snorted and shook his head, but she narrowed her eyes. “Seriously, Graham, you can’t possibly have a clear head right now.”

“I don’t.”

“Then go the fuck home.”

“I can’t,” he replied, clipped. “Not until I have something Jack can use.”

“He’s got a mate of his own, shouldn’t he get it?”

“He should,” Will agreed, rolling his eyes and rubbing them beneath his glasses. “And yet, here I am.”

He and Hannibal caught a break a day or so out from Will’s actual heat. The hotel windows were open, trying to cool Will’s fevered skin as he frantically searched through boxes and boxes of paper files.

“Hannibal,” Will held out a page for his mate to take. “No address, just a number.”

“Curious.”

“And not nearly enough for Jack to let me off the hook.” Will sighed. His hands were trembling. He needed to sleep. “We need an address for him.”

“Do you still have the number for the office?”

Will nodded. “I’ll have to talk to that secretary again,” he said with a groan. He stood and stretched, his back cracking and popping. “She was awful. This whole experience has been awful. I’ve never been so bored to tears by *murder* .”

“Go call and see if she has an address,” Hannibal suggested gently. “I’ll go and grab us some breakfast, and we’ll eat on the way.”

“Order room service,” Will suggested.

“I need the walk. Bacon?”

Will sighed happily. “You’re the best,” he said, kissing Hannibal’s cheek as he grabbed his phone and headed out to the balcony to call.

It was nearly unbearably early, and they were not in a busy city or a busy tourist season. The restaurant was nearly empty when Hannibal sidled up to lay on the charm. When the hostess, flattered to pieces, went to personally put in his order, he plucked the phone from it’s station and dialled.

“Garrett Jacob Hobbs?” he said. “They know.”

The scene was chaos.

He and Hannibal had arrived at the dictated address only to find a murder already in progress. Hobbs’ wife died on the front steps, and Will forced himself away and into the house, pulling his gun from its holster.

Will had always been a good shot, but he’d never had a particularly calm countenance. Seeing Hobbs in his kitchen with a knife to the neck of his teenaged daughter, combined with heat hormones muddying Will’s mind, he let rage take over.

He emptied his clip into the man, but not before he had a chance to kill the one thing he’d been coveting all the time he’d been active as the shrike. He wanted to take his daughter with him, to have her forever.

Will couldn’t abide the loss of a child, even one not his own.

“Hannibal!” He screamed, hands shaking as he tried to keep the gaping wound at Abigail Hobbs’ throat closed. *“Hannibal! Alpha!”*

And in an instant, Hannibal was at his side, his eyes red-rimmed, brought on by his Omega’s distress. Hannibal took over, stopping the bleeding as the sound of sirens drew closer.

Abigail Hobbs survived. She held on, as Hannibal transferred her to the care of the capable EMTs, as she was whisked away in the ambulance.

Hannibal pulled Will into his arms. “She’ll make it,” he said into Will’s curls. “She’ll make it, Will, she’s safe now.”

Will, trembling, was beyond words. He was beyond anything, but the smell of safety, of security, of Alpha.

A trickle of slick soaked his underwear. Will sucked in another lungful of Alpha.

Hannibal’s grip tightened around him, and then a hand tangled tight in his hair, yanking his head back so that Hannibal could shove his nose right against Will’s scent gland. “Will,” he growled. “You’re in heat.”

“No.” It left Will in a gasp. “No, not here.”

“Here,” Hannibal confirmed. In Minnesota, away from home, away from even their temporary home in the hotel room. Surrounded by blood and madness and noise, so much noise. Hannibal nuzzled him, holding Will tight as he clung close, before kissing his temple and stepping away.

“Go to the car, Will,” he said, passing him the keys. “I’ll be right behind you.”

“But Jack -”

“Has no say in the matter. Go.”

So Will did. Dragging himself to their rented Bentley and unlocking it before climbing into the back seat. He’d make a mess of the leather, but they could afford the detailing. He was sure Hannibal would forgive him the slight.

Inside it smelled like them, their combined scent, the safety of it, the promise of security it gave. Trapped into that small space. Will whined, pressing his hands to his face, uncaring for how the blood smeared against his skin as he did.

A girl had almost died, had almost bled out in his arms. A girl that could have been his, theirs. Someone’s pup that Will suddenly felt so connected to he couldn’t get her eyes out of his mind. Wide and panicked, looking to him for help.

He cried out in surprise when the back door opened again and Hannibal joined Will in the back seat, gathering his Omega close until Will was straddling him and nosing needily beneath Hannibal’s jaw.

They had parked far enough away that the slew of emergency vehicles and the FBI tent set up by the front door had them hidden from prying eyes. Having tinted back windows didn’t hurt either. Because as much as Will wanted to argue against it, as desperately as he didn’t want it to be true, he was going into heat. He was going into heat *right then.*

“Alpha,” he whined, rutting up against Hannibal as he dug his hands into Hannibal’s blood-soaked clothes. “I need you.”

Hannibal growled his assent, reaching between them for Will’s belt. “Can you wait?” he asked, even as he tugged at Will’s pants. “If I make you come, will you survive the drive?”

“No,” Will whined, shaking his head. His fingers fumbled clumsily with the buttons of Hannibal’s shirt. “No, Alpha, please, I need a knot.”

“Just one,” Hannibal told him. “Just the once, and then you’ll have to be patient.”

“No,” Will growled. He found the bulge in Hannibal’s slacks, grinding helplessly against it. “No, *knot.”*

Hannibal smacked him. More noise than pain, but it made Will pause, blinking owlishly down at Hannibal.

“Once,” Hannibal said firmly, “And then you’ll wait like a good boy, won’t you?”

Golden-eyed, barely present through a haze of need, Will’s voice was little more than breath. “Yes, Daddy.”

Will had always been insatiable through his heats. He and Hannibal had an active sex life outside of the cycle, but during those few days when Will was out of his mind because of his instincts, he became almost feral.

Hannibal bared Will just enough to be able to reach into his pants and underwear and tuck them down beneath the curve of his ass. Will had already worked open Hannibal’s pants and was tugging at his cock desperately, little whines and whimpers of need leaving his throat when his actions did nothing more than make Hannibal harder - he wasn’t *in him.*

“Up,” Hannibal told him, and Will obeyed, ducking his head so he didn’t strike it against the padded ceiling, curling his shoulders as he spread his legs as wide as he could and Hannibal guided himself up against Will’s dripping hole.

“Alpha -”

“Go on,” Hannibal whispered, nipping sharply at Will’s jaw as he started to sink down. “Desperate, distracting thing, what am I to do with you?”

“Breed me,” Will moaned, squeezing around Hannibal as he continued to take his cock deep into himself. “Mount me. Claim me. Please.”

There was little Hannibal could do, in the backseat, that would sate Will’s need to be claimed, but constraints had never stopped Hannibal before. He rolled them, pinning Will between his own body and the back of the seat. Will’s knees were pushed up against his chest, his legs tangled and trapped by his own clothes. All he could do was reach up and hold tight to the door handle, as Hannibal began to move.

“Yes!” Will moaned, back arching as Hannibal’s cock struck his prostate. “Yes, like that, Daddy, please!”

Hannibal had very little leverage, but he shoved one foot against the floor, pushing off from it to rock himself into Will’s willing body. Will scratched at him like a feral animal. He’d drawn blood before, and no doubt would again, staining the rental car irrevocably.

This was why Hannibal paid extra for heat insurance.

“Still,” Hannibal growled, his teeth against Will’s throat. “Be still for me, Omega. *Submit* .”

Will keened, head thrown back, clenching tight around Hannibal as his little cock spilled over his stomach.

Hannibal mouthed over the collar Will wore, teasing the edges with his tongue as Will held himself obediently still and Hannibal edged into him with teasing, shallow little thrusts. When Will whined, impatient and needy, Hannibal grasped his hair and tugged hard, arching Will’s back almost painfully from the seat.

A growl pulled low from his throat and Will whined again, squirming beneath him.

“Terrible boy,” Hannibal whispered. “Needy thing. Look what a mess you’re making.”

Will grinned and let his eyes flutter closed, his hands were still pawing at Hannibal but gentler, now. “Want your cock in me,” he breathed. *“Need* your cock in me, Daddy, please -”

“I know you do,” Hannibal assured him, a purr humming from beneath the growl in his throat as he set his teeth to Will’s bond mark and bit down just enough to feel. The collar was in the way, he couldn’t bite through, but the implication was clear.

Mine.

Mine.

Mine.

“Going to fill you up,” Hannibal promised him, voice low, as he started to thrust a little harder against him. “Going to knot you and feel you squirm beneath me. And then -”

“Alphaaa -”

“Then I’m going to take you back to our suite and fuck you until you can’t *walk* anymore,” Hannibal groaned, his knot stretching Will’s hole as Hannibal shoved it harder against him.

“Alpha, Alpha, Daddy-”

Will’s body was singing. His nerves vibrated. His skin tingled. He wriggled his hips, gasping as Hannibal slipped a little further, a little deeper. Will was stretched around the widest part of his knot, the moment of pain before relief. He panted, sweat and blood slicking his curls to his forehead.

Hannibal pulled back and shoved forward once more, and Will's body finally gave way. He gasped, clenching tight as Hannibal plugged him up and filled him with so much seed that he'd drip with it, that there would be no salvaging the leather seats.

When the world stopped spinning, Hannibal was petting his hair, murmuring poetry against his temple. "My sweet boy," Hannibal said. "So tight. So obedient."

"Want you to stay, Daddy" Will pleaded, though he knew it wasn't possible. They couldn't remain cramped in the backseat for three whole days of heat. Already, the windows were fogged, the air was thick with sweat and the scent of sex. Will could barely breathe. It was heaven.

"A few minutes," Hannibal promised. "And then you'll be good for me, won't you? You'll be so very obedient when I tuck you back into your clothes. You won't touch yourself, while I drive. You'll wait for me to get you into our nest."

Will nodded, eyes wide and gilded with Omega gold. "Yes, Daddy," he promised.

But for the moment he allowed himself to be held, to be protected and wanted and loved. Hannibal continued to whisper against him, licked his cheek, nuzzled his hair, and worshiped him as much as he was able in the confined space.

When his knot started to ease, he hushed Will's displeased little whines and hooked a finger in his collar, tugging softly.

"Be good," he reminded him. Will just nodded, sweaty and trembling and already close to being mindless in his need.

The drive to the hotel did not take long, and Hannibal opted for valet, apologizing to the young man as he handed him the keys. Then, he gathered Will in his arms and carried him inside.

It was the second day of heat, when Hannibal had untangled himself from Will's tight clinging limbs to get them some food, that Will spoke his mind for the first time.

"What if we let this one take?"

There was still blood on them from the crime scene, smeared against their skin and in their hair, over the hotel sheets and against the wall where Will had shoved his hands as Hannibal had fucked him, rough and brutal, when they'd first gotten back.

Hannibal considered him, feeding Will another piece of peeled orange as he lay in his lap.

"Would you like that?" He asked.

Will shrugged, opening his mouth for Hannibal to feed him more. He could feel the tickle at the back of his mind that suggested he wasn't long for the world again, that another wave of need would take him and make him incoherent for however long his Alpha decided to fuck him and fill him.

His stomach was already bloated from how full he was, and he set his hands to it.

“I’d protect it,” Will said. “With everything I had.”

“I would trust no other to keep our pups safe, Will,” Hannibal assured him, easing Will to the bed as he set the plate away and climbed in on top of him. He pressed Will down, until his Omega was purring in pleasure and already squirming up to rub himself against Hannibal’s cock.

“I’d be a good father,” Will mumbled even as heat started to take him again, and Hannibal couldn’t deny it. Instead, he grasped his boy’s chin to lift it and kissed Will deep.

“The best,” he agreed. “And you’d look so beautiful, round and heavy with them.”

Will whined, the sentiment breaking through the haze, if not the words themselves.

When the heat broke, he did not take the after-heat pills.

“Can anyone spot the clue in this document?”

A flurry of hands went up around the room. Will resisted the urge to roll his eyes. “There isn’t one. Garrett Jacob Hobbs didn’t leave an address on file, and I got curious. Bad bookkeeping, and dumb luck.”

It was too early to know for sure, but Will felt heavier as he paced in front of his classroom. As if he could feel life beginning to build itself, low in his belly. Making room, creating the shape it needed to survive.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Will caught Jack and Hannibal, standing just at the edge of the rows of seats. Will lifted his chin higher, showing off his collar, cheeks stained pink. The students were handling it as well as he’d expected, but they were adjusting. Jack could adjust too. Will would do nothing without Hannibal’s permission.

He clicked to the next slide.

Someone raised a hand towards the back of the lecture theatre, and Will acknowledged them with a tilt of his head.

“How often would you say you rely on ‘dumb luck’ and mistakes made by other people?”

Will snorted, the question was sassy, but not untoward, and actually very pertinent.

“Often enough,” he admitted. “There is only so much that we can recreate with the tools we have. We have profilers who can give us a glimpse into the minds of killers, we have the team that gathers evidence and works on it in the lab. The rest is, honestly, dumb luck and other’s mistakes.”

There was a soft susurrus of nervous laughter from the room and Will shrugged. “I won’t lie to you, this isn’t an exact science. None of it is. People are changeable, variable. Sometimes

those we think we know best find a way to surprise us."

Will glanced at his mate where he stood. Hannibal was preening, chin raised and eyes narrowed as he considered his Omega and the confidence with which he held the floor. He'd stood in on Will's lectures about his own scenes before, finding it near impossible not to pin Will to his podium and have him then and there.

Remarkable boy.

"Have you ever been surprised, Professor Graham?"

Will's smile was brisk and bright, it carried fangs. He didn't break eye contact with Hannibal, not for a moment, as he answered: "Every day."

End Notes

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